

Lil' Kim "My Niggas"

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[Chorus] My niggas pull triggas, stack figures, whoa
whoa whoa
Snitch niggas, broke niggas, not my niggas, no no no
In the club we sippin' Don P, sittin' lovely, oh whoa
whoa
Sexy ladies goin' crazy 'cause the beats like whoa
whoa whoa

[Verse 1] Fresh out the federal building
To Bently Coupes with the convertible ceilings
It's the Black Widow, call me Ms. White
I done been through it all, shoot-outs and fist fights
Brooklyn bitch, it go wrong I get right
Back with a classic, now gimme 6 mics
Can't reach me on the phone, then send a bitch a kite
Man I do's it in heels or a pair of crisp Nikes
Stand behind Martin Luther King but I'm more like
Malcolm X
Guerillas beatin' on they chest, get it right, I'm Malcom
X
Please keep the peace 'cause a coward show me
disrespect
My niggas put his soul to rest, I don't wanna see who's
next
Champagne on my campaign, Kim for mayor
Told you I'm the same bitch from the escalator
And I ain't trippin' off you rats and investigators
Get your envelopes, time to address the haters

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[Verse 2] Me and my team we tryin to own casinos
So we can all cop a crib like Pacino's
Come through in a '06 Benz-ito
The feds tryin' to shut us down like Nino
We keep it goin' man, we keep it goin' man

Won't stop, can't, gotta keep it goin' man
See I do it for the fans, they'll never understand
While they goin' off course, me I'm stickin' to the plan
Feel the movement, it's a whole new crew
Fuck Junior M.A.F.I.A., that chapter's through
Them faggots done did something that they can't
undo
Whoever ridin' wit' 'em they can get one too
Coulda copped out to a 1 to 3 do
Still took it to trial even though I blew
Brooklyn style baby, that's how we do it
Real gangstas and ain't got to prove it

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Oh, ah ah ah oh, ah ah ah oh, ah ah ah oh
Oh, ah ah ah oh, ah ah ah oh, ah ah ah oh

[Verse 3] Now a party ain't a party 'till the Queen
come through
You know where I go man, the team come too
Pull up in the Phantom or the V-1-2
Lil' Kim's that girl even got her own shoe
In the club with my clique though, glass full of Crist-o
In the jail jumpsuit still a bad bitch though
Rose from the ghetto, it was hard from the get go
Then I showed the hood, the world ain't just for rich
folk
Get ya lil' dance up, B-K stand up
Straight to the dance floor, everybody hands up
Throw it up, get down, fellas hold ya pants up
Ladies throw it right back, tell that nigga man up

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